



Ashes For Flame

And Other Poems.

CAROLINE DANA HOWE.

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❁ ASHES FOR FLAME ❁

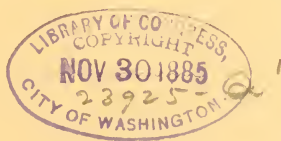
And Other Poems.

ASHES FOR FLAME

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

CAROLINE DANA HOWE.



PORTLAND, ME.:

LORING, SHORT & HARMON.

1885.

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1885.

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ASHES FOR FLAME.



THE amber waves of sunset drift
Majestic, up the western skies !
They burn, they deepen, as they sift
Their glowing coals through vein and rift,
Wherein strange altars seem to rise
And call for living sacrifice !
The picture fades. The clouds uplift
Their mantles gray, with purple dyes,
And twilight brings its slow surprise,
Ashes for flame ! The day's last gift !

Silence through all ! The senses reel !
Oh, for a breath, a voice, a sound,
To tell that there is life ! To feel
Where solitude has set its seal,
A Presence in the deeps profound !

Still motionless are earth and air !
Are there no life-springs centred there,
To move their pulses swift and strong
To grand old harmonies of song ?

Too long the Sabbath-hush has lain
On fevered brow, and aching brain !
Bright-bird ! shake out thy plumage rare,
And smite the silence like a prayer.

A single note ! a wave ! a trill !
High up the quivering leaves among,
And hark ! a crystal burst of song,
Caught up by forest, vale, and hill,
In glad pulsations borne along,
Its destined mission to fulfill,
Until all Nature is athrill !

O singer ! at the set of sun,
With recognition still unwon,
Upon whose weary heart and brain
The bitter sense of loss has lain,
Who gave thee voice, in ways recluse,
Hath power to hold it to His use !
Haply thy spirit, brooding long,
May smite the silence with a song,

That into weary hearts shall drift,
In glad pulsations pure and high,
Like living coals through seam and rift,
To warm, and light, and beautify !

If thou the simplest song can sing,
By which another's thought may rise
To animate and crystalize,
Although thy song unseen takes wing,
Sing on ! And sing unfaltering !
Ere purple shadows onward drift,
And twilight brings its slow surprise,
Ashes for flame ! The day's last gift.

MEMORIES SWEET.

“IT is sweet to remember.” When Hope lieth low,
And Grief strikes at Passion and Power,
Swift memories come, with their rapturous glow,
As a rainbow o’erarches the shower.
We see the sun shine through the forests of pine,
We hear the brook babbling below,
And past the old mill, with a tremulous thrill,
Sounds a voice that we loved long ago.

It is sweet to remember ; to shadow the eyes,
For a moment forgetful of pain,
As in Memory’s glass dear forms shall arise,
And the grave yield its treasures again.
We look in each face, where a sanctified grace
As of old, shineth tenderly through,
And the love that we gave, redeemed from the grave,
Will forever its freshness renew.

It is sweet to remember ; wherever we roam,
As we battle with tempest and storm,
We carry a thought of the blessed old home,
Like the sunshine to strengthen and warm.

The mother is there, with her whispered prayer,
In the hush of the soft even-time,
And the hearth-fires bright weave a spell of delight
While our gladness rings out like a chime.

It is sweet to remember ; to climb on swift thought
From the vistas of doubt far away,
And pause in the silence, lest haply be caught
Some word which the angels may say.
As Faith's shining wand lifts the curtain beyond,
Where the river of Love runneth broad,
To spirits grown weak, they may tenderly speak
Some message of hope from their Lord.

It is sweet to remember ; but sweeter by far
To trust in His future of love ;
Its light, clear-outshining each luminous star
That strikes through the gloom from above.
Our ears may grow dim to the prayer or the hymn,
But His voice hath a sound that we know,
The soul grows not old with the years that are told,
And He guides us the way that we go.

SCARLET LEAVES.

CONTENT weighs heavier than gold

In every perfect life ;

And there are blessings manifold,

Outlasting pain and strife.

Apparent losses may prove gains,

And victory crown defeat,

As after April's lingering rains,

The May-flowers blossom sweet.

And what if May-flowers fade ? ah, then

Spring violets will bloom ;

And what if violets droop ? again

June roses yield perfume ;

And what if roses fall ? sweet pinks

And snow-white lilies come,

With purple pansies, like, methinks,

To passion standing dumb.

And when all these shall fade ? then see

The asters rich and rare,

While stately dahlias, royally

Assume their princely air.

And when all summer bloom has fled ?

Why then the scarlet leaves,

With autumn blushes flaming red,

Above the golden sheaves.

And thus I saw the May-flowers go,
The violets fade away,
The roses fall, the pinks laid low,
The lilies white decay.
I watched the purple pansies droop,
The asters bloom and die,
The dahlias from their proud-heights stoop,
And scarlet leaves hang high.

Frail emblems of my life ! I said,
Traced onward to this hour,
Ere one full-blossomed joy is dead,
Upsprings another flower.
Until amid the scarlet leaves
In life's autumnal day,
I chide my spirit that it grieves
O'er some dead hope away.

The light falls mellowed from the skies
On all the world below,
And gold and crimson fruitage vies
With autumn's richest glow.
Thus, O my soul ! with mellowed tone,
Pass softly on thy way,
Life's ripened fruits around thee strown,
Mid scarlet leaves to-day.

MET FOR AN HOUR.

I KNOW not why, upon this night of gloom,
Swift thoughts of thee come o'er me warm and strong;
I know not why thy presence in the room,
Should haunt me so like some remembered song.

A song, far less a pæan than a prayer,
To which my lips respond this fearful night,—
God make his face to shine upon thee there,
Thou suffering one! and fill thy soul with light.

We met as strangers meet; when thy first glance
Sped like an arrow toward a mark far-set,
That lightning gleam flashed quick intelligence
Along my heart, that kindred spirits met.

Met for an hour. O Fate! that hath bereft
So many lives, I watch thy slow decrease;
Earth's hold once loosened, then but Heaven is left,
And Father-love, and Brother-love, and peace.

Our paths diverged; thine o'er the mountain steeps,
Led up and on, and praises wreathed thy name;
Mine through the valley, mid the shadowy deeps,
Is faintly marked, unknown to thee and fame.

Yet may the smallest blossom to the sun
Lift its meek face, expanding in his rays,
And I, where noblest excellence is won,
May turn for light, with reverence and praise.

For not one thought of me hath stirred thy heart;
And it is better so. Life is not all,
Nor best, nor most. I build my hopes apart,
Heaven hath, I know, not one partition wall!



A ROSE WITHIN A ROSE.

ALL good hath growth. In years agone,
One blossom which my rose-tree bore,
Just at its fullest flush at morn,
Sent up a fresh bud from its core.

A crimson bud — a promised bloom,
A marvel for delighted eyes,
A rose within a rose that June
Looked down upon in sweet surprise.

All change that maketh more complete,
Is glorious change, the wide world o'er,
And Love enhanced is two-fold sweet,
A fresh rose budding at its core.

VEILED GUESTS.

VEILED was the tender glory of His face,
In cloud, and smoke, and flame,
On Horeb's mount, in Sinai's desert place,
When God to Moses came.

So should we meet great sorrows when they come,
Ambassadors from God ;
Not as weak children, standing pale and dumb,
And shrinking from the rod.

If we in faith our entrance-door unbar,
Their faces half divine,
Lit up as with the radiance of a star,
Across our threshold shine.

What though the flowers we loved beneath the feet
Are trodden down to earth ?
A brighter verdure, and a bloom more sweet,
Comes after wintry dearth.

But we, faint souls ! with wakeful eyelids tense,
Do moan all night with grief,
And look through tears, to Heaven's high battlements,
For signals of relief !

And lo, they come ! His light breaks through the
skies !

The war-clouds disappear ;
And like the Prophet's servant, we arise
To see His angels near !



RED LETTERED.

THE glad October sunshine lays
Its warm touch on the earth,
And through the mellowed golden haze
New lights spring into birth.
Vermilion, bronze, and ruby-veined,
The myriad leaves drift low,
And half the fields are amber-stained,
And half a scarlet glow.

Softly they fall ! not bruised by storm,
But mellowed as with time,
Like birds afloat, with plumage warm,
Whose wings beat out a chime.
Not hurled along by winds of strife,
But ripened in the sun ;
Types of a calm and holy life,
Laid down when work is done.

LONGFELLOW.

[Read at the unveiling of the Westminster Bust of the Poet,
City Hall, Feb. 27, 1885.]

HE is not dead ! His anthems grand
Of flowing sweetness or command,
Find answering hearts, divinely thrilled,
That vibrate as his song has willed.

To pure emotions kindled warm,
His poet-soul gave life and form
Enfolding all ideal thought
In royal vestments, love enwrought.

With native sovereignty of mind,
Life's higher forces he combined ;
For he who greatness would achieve
Must comprehend it and believe.

If separated from its God,
The soul leaves noblest ways untrod ;
This truth upon his heart he bore,
A sacred shield for evermore.

So voiced he with unsullied lips
Broad Nature's lumined manuscripts,
Until old Ocean's organ-tones
Rehearsed his songs in far off zones.

And then our Poet, lying down
When at the summit of renown,
Found rest, and woke renewed to sing
On yonder heights where Love is King.

O Bard ! whose life can never end,
Thy greatness will all rank transcend ;
For virtue here thy fame outran,
And stamped thee clear, a noble man.



TREADING ON FLOWERS.

WITHIN the shadow who will sit
When softly shines the sun ?
When to and fro the robins flit,
And Beauty all her lamps has lit,
Who will by grief be won ?

Be mine the bright and sunny clime,
Where smiles attend the hours,
And sweet bells ring their music-chime,
“For softly falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers.”

THE LOST STAR.

UPON my night of life there rose a star,
A single star! yet glorious to view;
And, shining downward from its throne afar,
Rained on my heart its showers of chrismal dew.
And while I gazed, with pulses hushed in awe,
Most like a priestess bending at her shrine,
My spirit took, through some mysterious law,
A nobler impress of the life divine,
Rich with God's countersign.

The light of earth shone faintly on my brow,
When that fair world revealed itself to me,
And myriad voices, silent until now,
Conspired to swell the new-born melody.
Held in sweet thrall by this great master-power,
Life's music rang out in one grand prelude,
From which my spirit gathered, hour by hour,
Fresh impulses for every changing mood,
Rest for solicitude.

Through all my being was this presence felt,
This fair, sweet wonder, dimly yet defined,
Within whose circle silently I knelt,
Conscious alone of what that sphere enshrined.

Tempests were marshalled, but I felt them not,
While yielding to the guidance of that star,
And said that all beside were well forgot,
If that still shone upon me from afar,
That one illumined star!

It's light went down! O God, I saw it sink
Where seas of woe rolled fiercely, wave on wave,
And falling prostrate on that fearful brink,
I madly spurned the Hand outstretched to save.
And yet it saved me! What I failed to see
Of my own needs, His pitying love supplied,
And what I lost, He will restore to me,
When at His feet, through trial purified,
Unchallenged I abide.

Lost! lost on earth—the star whose rays I miss!
Yet mine in heaven, that land of light and bloom;
When I go home to my abode of bliss,
What wondrous power it sway will re-assume.
And so I wait. June roses shall unfold
Their crimson hearts to morning's glad surprise,
And sunbeams pave their upward way with gold,
How many times, O God, through years untold,
Ere that lost star ensphered in fairer skies,
Thy peace shall signalize!

LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL.

LEAF by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry,
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die ;
But the roses bloom again,
And the springs will gush anew
In the pleasant April rain,
And the summer's sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in their bloom
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent germ apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes,
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to sun and dew.
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's silent clime.

TWENTY-ONE TO-MORROW.

WAIT thou! The sunset is not yet,
Wait thou, O Death! we said,
For youth and manhood will have met
To-morrow, to be wed!
The Freedom bells have not yet rung,
The feast is not yet laid,
The Freedom song is still unsung,
Spare him, O Death! we said.

A smile! a sigh! a breathless word,
From heart to heart, thrills deep,
And like soft plumage from a bird,
Floats down the white-winged sleep.
While onward through its bright ascent,
Through sunset's golden calm,
Silent we trace the path he went,
As by an echoed psalm.

“Farewell! Your tender clasp of love
So close encircled me,
That I had pined for nought above
That blessed sovereignty.

But now, when youth and manhood meet,
The Freedom song to sing,
Beside God's throne, it must be sweet
To hear the anthem ring !

Across my soul, like crystal spray
Along a sunless shore,
Breaks an immortal melody
Through Heaven's open door.
The crown of manhood waits my brow,
And triumph past all sorrow,
Then lift my Freedom birth-song now,
I am twenty-one to-morrow !

Your clasp unloose ! I must be gone,
My birth to solemnize,
When bursts to-morrow's golden dawn
Across the upper skies.
Your clasp unloose ! There floats along
A sweet psalm earthward driven ;
Angels begin my Freedom song
And bear it up to Heaven " !

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

LIFE hath music evermore —

Tides of music, sweet or solemn ;
Onward still their surges pour
Like swift wave-beats to the shore,
Column after column.

In our childhood gay and fleet,
Chasing on some dream of gladness,
Where we tread with airy feet,
Mingled with the music sweet,
Is no note of sadness.

Prelude to a deeper strain,
Is that air of cloudless beauty,
For the years bring, in their wane,
No such jubilant refrain,
In our paths of duty.

But in Love's triumphal hour,
When life bears its crowning glory,
Melody becomes its dower,
And with stately march of power,
Rings the blissful story.

Yet, like clouds at summer noon,
Will some discords rise unbidden,
Blending with life's perfect tune,
As November follows June,
And some sigh be hidden.

Patience then ! these hearts will bear
Chastened music in their sorrow,
Sweet chords in a mournful air,
Ringing out above despair,
Faint hopes for the morrow.

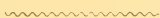
Even while Grief chants her dirge
Where pale memories are haunting,
Upward through our souls may surge
Loftier notes than ever verge
On bright dreams enchanting.

For we know that every pain
Bears its message like an angel
Sent of God to heart and brain,
Pealing out a holy strain,
Through some blest evangel.

Richer then life's harmonies,
When the soul, in perfect measure,
Upward lifts, through smiles or sighs,
Hallelujahs to the skies,
Both for loss and treasure !

LOVE ON MOUNTAIN HEIGHT.

As in our life-work we embark,
We send from out our souls a dove,
Like one of old, from out the ark,
And give it the sweet name of Love.
So by its passage, may we mark
All change within, around, above.
Gold hath its dross, blue skies a cloud,
Fortune a fall, and hope a shroud ;
But Love upon its mountain height,
Reflects a ray of Heaven's own light.



ABSENCE.

WHEN eyes beloved are haunting our dim way,
As stars that brighten night's dark solitude,
How sweet to hold their consecrated ray,
A ministrant of grace for every mood,
To bear it onward in the paths we go,
That it may soften all the shades below.
For absence hallows the remembered smile
Through which Love looks, as through a rosy gate,
While yearning thoughts to tenderness beguile,
As finest harps their numbers modulate
To richer tones, when master-fingers glide
O'er strings whose tension Art had left untried.

BRIDAL SONG.

WITH laces soft adorn the bride
And trailing garments white,
And creamy roses, pale with pride,
Yet fragrant with delight.
With notes of song awake the morn !
With smiles unwreath the hours,
For Love goes forth with hope new-born,
Upon its path of flowers.

What though the snows lie white and chill
Beneath the wintry air ?
The golden sunshine falleth still
In blessings everywhere.
Love-like, through smiles, it tries its powers,
And snow-wreaths vanish fleet,
While violets bloom, and all young flowers
That make the spring-time sweet.

Then yield thy vows in faith, sweet bride,
For lo ! the morn breaks clear,
And life and love are sanctified
When heart to heart draws near.
What though pale snows may sometimes fall
Along thy wedded way ?
With Love's pure sunshine over all,
Thy life shall bloom like May.

IN SILENT STATE.

THE clouds, slow-marshalled, move in silent state,
As chosen courtiers on their sovereign wait,
Their royal banners outlined on the skies,
Blazoned with gold and amethystine dyes.

The sun, resplendent, in their pathway glows,
Stately as when above the sea he rose,
Exultant still, to greet the world new-born,
Enfolded, blushing, in the arms of morn.

As through those purple rifts such radiance gleams
The spirit, smitten in its selfish dreams,
Rises renewed, and quickened to discern
Through reflex lore, great truths to grasp and learn.

All pure emotions waken in the breast,
Stirring its pulse with longings unconfessed,
One hour, like waves, upheaving to the light,
Then ebbing soft like shadows from the night.

What tender thoughts, what unfulfilled desires,
Soothing like balm, or scorching with their fires,
Come swiftly haunting weary heart and brain,
Caught and re-echoed, like some sad refrain!

Through roseate clouds the sun sinks slowly down,
A fallen monarch eve may dare discrown,
Until, entombed amid the far blue hills,
Night with her shadows all the silence fills.

Like thee, thou sun ! should we approach our west,
Like thee, move onward to our promised rest,
Leaving an impress, golden to the last,
On all the earthly clouds through which we passed.



RE-FLOW.

IF the songsters cease their carol
When the autumn airs grow chill,
If the blossoms fade and falter
When rough winds sweep o'er the hill,
If the hopes so fondly cherished,
Fairer than the summer's glow,
With all joy, and faith, have perished,
Wait ! all tides have their reflow !
Other hopes will bud and blow.

THOUGHT'S ELECTRIC CURRENT.

IN a swift electric current,
Thought with thought claims brotherhood;
Impure souls are strong for evil,
Pure ones stronger still for good.
Do our influence and example
Shine along the path we go?
Do we live the life God gave us,
In the fullest sense we know?

Wisdom follows right endeavor,
Fullest strength is gained by toil,
And, that we may sow in gladness,
God himself prepares the soil.
Bending calmly down to slumber,
While run out Life's golden sands,
Heedless of the wasting moments,
Will not answer Heaven's demands.

Just the dropping of an eyelid,
Just the lifting of an arm,
May have crushed some hope in darkness,
Or have soothed some heart like balm.

One quick thought within the bosom,
Working up its way to life,
Has convulsed a mighty nation,
Stirring kingdoms into strife.

As the tossing of a pebble
Moves the ocean-waves direct,
So each act, however simple,
Sure as heaven, has its effect.
But our lives have sacred meaning,
When high thoughts to virtue win,
And our world will be the better,
If one pure soul walks therein.



SUNRISE SPRAY.

WHEN morning sifts its golden spray
Along the wood-paths up and down,
Night's sweetest dreams will flee away.
So he who seeks not Love's pure sway,
Beyond all riches or renown,
When sunrise opes his gates of day
From off his brow hath torn the crown.

OUR CHIEFTAIN.

[Memorial Service, City Hall, Portland, August 8, 1885.]

LIFE's battle over, take thy rest!

O Victor in the strife!

Through thee, a nation richly blest

Marched on to higher life.

Honored of men, thy living worth

The world has recognized,

And thou, in passing from the earth,

By Love art signalized.

The troubled heart has ceased to thrill,

The soul gone forth unstained,

Whose wisdom grand, whose matchless will,

For us the conquest gained.

A man of silence, shunning praise,

Yet mighty to command,

How set thou Freedom's torch ablaze,

Through all the waiting land!

Born Chief, yet valiant servitor,

Our standard to maintain,

Noble alike in peace or war,

We called on thee to reign.

And thine unswerving rectitude,

Thy ministrations just,

Wrought out for us a lasting good,

For thee, a people's trust.

The king may glory in his crown,
And rule from coast to coast,
But better thy well-earned renown
Than royal blood can boast ;
Better the triumph thou hast won,
With Justice throned in power,
Than any rank beneath the sun,
Or any princely dower.

Take thou a Nation's gratitude !
The land that gave thee birth
Hath proud respect for honest blood,
And unassuming worth ;
And He who holds the endless years,
With Heaven in His gift,
Writes down our offering of tears,
As we thy name uplift.

Then take thy rest ! Diviner life
Is thine, O patient soul !
Thy garments cleansed from earthly strife,
Where living waters roll.
Welcomes they bring thee on that shore,
While earth repeats thy name,
Linked with thy Country's evermore,
And sharing in its fame.

WEARY.

“ But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot.”

HAST thou long wandered, weary one,
Like Noah's dove, yet found no spot,
No foothold 'neath the mocking sun,
Where floods are not ?

Do whelming surges madly sweep
Above each budding flower of hope,
And frowning skies, like men from sleep,
Their windows ope ?

Thou weary dove ! From out the ark,
Behold thy God puts forth His hand ;
Fly to His breast ! The waves grew dark,
At His command !

How much their cleansing power is worth,
He will in His own time disclose ;
Thank thou His love, that not from earth
These floods arose.

Still must thou stem their force again,
When “ other seven days ” are gone ;
Of struggles fierce with woe and pain,
Is power born.

Hold firm thy faith — whate'er befall !
So shalt thou see these floods subside,
And God's own sunshine over all,
 Spread far and wide.

Blest will it be for thee indeed,
If thou one signal-leaf canst find,
To cheer faint hearts, that while they bleed
 Shall grow resigned.

Yet "other seven days," and thou,
Sent forth, shall gain that peaceful realm,
Where fear no more shall cloud thy brow,
 Or floods o'erwhelm.

There, gathered to His sheltering breast,
Who hushed the storms of Galilee,
Thy weary soul shall claim, for rest,
 Eternity !



IN STATURE GROW.

WHEN we shall make ourselves to be
 What we to other eyes would seem,
Then may we master destiny,
 And life from lower aims redeem ;
None walk the Lord's appointed way,
But grow in stature day by day.

OUR BIRTHDAYS.

THESE are the mounds the silent years pile up,
To mark our passage toward their summits gray,
And pleasures are but sparkles in the cup
That time is slowly filling, day by day.

Youth hath its May-time, when hope's crystal springs
Through every vein enraptured sweetness pour ;
Its atmosphere is music, and its wings
Strike out in sunshine for the unknown shore.

Yet, strangers to ourselves, how slow we learn
Through blossom-time, the soul's immortal needs !
But when soft blooms to ripened fruitage turn,
We see that excellence transcends all creeds.

For life goes on. Great truths there are to learn,
The soul untried, to discipline and teach,
Its own approval valiantly to earn,
Its highest eminence, unstained to reach.

Ah ! well for for us if memory recalls
Some deeds unselfish, some endeavors fair,
Like lamps of love clear-shining from our walls
To light the wanderer out of his despair.

So shall we learn what treasures life may hold,
From all its grosser elements refined,
Its dross discarded, and the real gold
Wrought into beauty, as by heaven designed.

Our birthdays then, through intervening space,
From year to year may mark a progress wise,
Our souls expanding into higher grace,
As mists divide, for stars to light the skies.



ABOVE A GRAVE.

BIRDS sing above a silent grave,
Although the dead lie there,
And smiles, like birds, their pinions wave
Above a soul's despair.
But when dark sorrow rings her chime,
In vain mirth gilds the hours,
For heavy falls the foot of Time,
That crushes all the flowers.

WHITE ROSES.

How sweet the roses were that morn,
Washed by the silver dew's o'ernight !
Ah me ! I said, when June was born,
Cradled in roses red and white,
We should have called its name Delight.

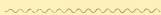
Green banners waved on all the hills,
Clear bird-notes quivered through the leaves,
Frail reeds hung trembling o'er the rills,
Like beauty smiling as she grieves,
And doves were cooing on the eaves.

But oh, the roses white and red,
Uplifting incense everywhere,
Their language half interpreted,
With music sweetened all the air,
And soothed the senses like a prayer.

There, in the green-arched cottage door,
We stood to mark the morning's flight,
We two, who were to part no more,
Until fresh roses, creamy white,
Should crown our bridal with Delight.

With blushes were her cheeks aflame ;
Who could have thought them fever-hued ?
But on her lips Death froze my name,
And she among the angels stood,
To leave my life a solitude.

White rose buds on her breast they lay,
And in her dear hands, cold and white,
And I — I could not even pray,
But fell beneath that awful blight,
With earth and heaven shut from sight !



WRITTEN IN TEARS.

I sometimes doubt the grief
That writes itself in tears,
But in the laughter wild and brief,
Which mocks the spirit that it sears,
I read full oft of troubled spheres.

Ah ! what a veil we draw
Around the aching heart ;
When love would lead us by its law,
We shut our eyes, and walk apart,
Nor heed that God hath made the chart.

MY YOUNG LADY.

My young lady, as sweet as a rose,
And fair as any lily that blows,
Hath silken tresses, and eyes of blue,
Like soft spring violets wet with dew ;
Graceful in motion, or in repose,
My young lady, as sweet as a rose.

My young lady, so lovely and grand,
Holding herself in a proud command,
In costliest laces and gems elate,
And trailing garments, like one in state,
Hath pearls and diamonds on her white hand,
My young lady, so subtilely grand.

My young lady, impassive and calm,
While others weep, bears off the palm,
Selfishly living her life untrue,
She takes the flowers and leaves the rue ;
To never a wound hath she brought balm,
My young lady, so smiling and calm !

My young lady, I bid thee beware !
Sweetest of blooms a canker may bear.
Yet as we trace the footsteps of blight,
Commonest flowers yield more delight ;
Hearts that are truest have beauty most rare,
My young lady, so false and so fair !

THE VOICELESS STARS.

WHY are the sweet stars silent,
 Silent the long night through?
Oh, for their cloudless vision,
 The outspread world to view!
Its throes of mighty passion,
 Hopes cherished and hopes slain,
With sweeter loves and triumphs,
 Reflected still through pain.

The unseen winds are vocal,
 The forests wave reply,
The seas, in stately measure,
 Call upward to the sky;
The rain drops fall in music,
 In hymns, the birds respond;
The stars, alone, are voiceless,
 Fixed in the great Beyond.

Earth, with full pulses throbbing,
 Rings out her ceaseless chime,
While every star in heaven
 Rolls voiceless through all time;

The secrets they have garnered
 Within their golden spheres,
Revealed not to our pleadings,
 Though challenged oft by tears.

Yet have they missions tender,
 These sentinels of night ;
With heavenly lustre freighted,
 Clothed with celestial light ;
Fit types of unseen glories,
 Of realms, those orbs above,
Where, with the angels, worship
 The lost ones of our love.

When star on star, uprising,
 Smiles softly on the land,
As in some temple holy,
 In voiceless awe I stand
To watch their solemn marches,
 While heaven is brought so near,
The night is consecrated
 By revelations clear.

A MOURNFUL MINISTRY.

IF mortal feet some path might trace,
Where gladness reigned supreme,
Wherein life's mysteries, face to face,
Dissolved as in a dream,
Then Hope her pledges might fulfill,
And Love and Faith prove victors still.

But evermore, the golden day
With shadows is inlaid,
Where pain and loss along the way
Weave in their sombre shade ;
And though we smile through wasting years,
The smiles lie very near the tears.

The pangs each heart alone can know,
The cries of pain and want,
The feet that falter as they go,
The memories that haunt,
All these, when earth is rich with bloom,
A mournful ministry assume.

But if our souls grow pure the while,
And lives grow eloquent,
Then may we learn through tears to smile,
Through grief to know content,
And gather in, earth's richest flowers,
Refreshed and sweetened by the showers.

IF ONE THERE WAS.

“Pray for my soul! More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world knows of.”—*Tennyson*.

IF one there was, on land or sea,
To lift up pleading hands at morn,
Or bend at eve the suppliant knee,
By love's sweet influence gently drawn,
One who, approaching near the throne,
With reverent trust, and loving awe,
Dared breathe my name to Him alone
Whose promise is eternal law,
If one there was like this — like this —
What hope to full fruition brought,
Were freighted half so rich with bliss
As that sweet, soul-inspiring thought!

Oh! if to me the boon were given,
To claim from human love a test,
To ask of all things under heaven
That which were lovliest and best,
Not earthly honors, wealth and power,
Could bring repose with all their charms;
More precious were the lowliest bower
Where sweet affection shed her balms.

And if pure lips to Heaven outbreathed,
In accents dear, my humble name,
With laurel-leaves of prayer enwreathed,
It would be all I ask of Fame.

My soul, uprising straight, unawed
Would meet the threatening ills of life,
Adjusting each diviner chord,
To work out music through the strife.
But death has hushed her voice of love,
Who, morn and eve with tender care,
Invoked protection from above,
And prayed for me a mother's prayer.
And still if saintly lips outbreathed
In soft appeals my humble name,
With laurel-leaves of love enwreathed,
It were enough to ask of Fame.



A SOUL OF FULLNESS SWEET.

IT must be glorious to feel the soul
Each hour aspiring unto nobler things ;
Essaying to mount high, and toward its goal
Lifting triumphant all its hidden springs.

For what a grandeur he attains, who bears
His conscious power, as humble as a child,
And in the majesty of being, dares
To meet all fate, and walk forth undefiled.

Hast thou known such ? A soul of fullness sweet,
True to itself, and needing no disguise,
The brave insignia of a life complete
Worn on the brow, and looking from the eyes.

We take on larger life from having been
One hour uplifted to that higher sphere,
As yielding to this quickening power, we win
Forevermore new revelations clear.

We may be parted, both by land and sea,
When next the sun goes smiling down the west,
But through all cycles of the time to be
Of what we won, we are not dispossessed.

ETHEL.

ETHEL sleeps. Along her brow
Conscious thought hath left its trace,
Softly charming all her face
Into angel beauty now.

Fold the white robes o'er her breast
For she sleepeth like a queen,
Calm, majestic, and serene,
As a saintly spirit blest.

Toll the bell, and toll it thrice !
First for Hope, that child of morn,
Next for Faith, the angel-born,
Last for Love, that defies !

Be it silent then for aye !
Toll it not for Ethel dead ;
For when Hope and Faith had fled,
It was fitting she should die.

Silent be thou, mournful bell ;
Thine are tones of mortal birth !
Vain are eulogies of earth,—
God and angels know her well !

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A NATION mourns ! The soul whose mighty thought
In its pure sweep ennobled all the world
Hath soared beyond the scenes where late it fought
With elements of strife. Its wings are furled
In highest heaven,—its work on earth full wrought.
Kingdoms and thrones to ruins may be hurled,
Yet break not his repose ; as one who listeneth
Outside the door, if haply there be caught
Some note of welcome, so paused he a breath,
Ere met by Death.

Death ! What is death, at which so many weep ?
The folding of the pale lids o'er the eye,
The silent sinking of the pulse to sleep,
The dear voice hushed forever in a sigh,
The marble brow on which strange shadows lie
In mystic writing none interpreteth ;
The passing of the soul in that one breath,
Through the dim portals where the angels keep
Their watch sublime, along the solemn deep,—
This name we — Death !

But deeper meaning had that word to him,
Who listened daily to the harmonies
That through his soul, mysterious and dim,
Swept like a choral anthem from the skies !
THOU ART IMMORTAL ! echoed as a hymn
From its deep centre to its utmost shore,
Until, in tones sublime, the nations heard
That truth re-echoed in each conscious word,
And saw the fruits which silently it bore,
Of heaven conferred !

Thrice blest that life ! where Power and Wisdom meet,
And sit enthroned within the realm of soul,
By Justice crowned, and Love divinely sweet,
Whose genial influence like a current fleet
Refreshes all within its pure control.
In vain may proudest intellects compete
With Rank or Wealth, to gain the highest state ;
These shall outwing them all, and reach the goal
Where, robed in white, the victors to enroll,
Pure angels wait !

Feeling a God above, around, within,
He, in his majesty of being, rose,
And stood revealed amid earth's strife and din,
A man, whose power spoke through that calm repose,
Far more subduing than the sword of foes !

Sovereign was he ! although no clarion ring
Its martial notes, to tell he hath been crowned,
Yet evermore he was foreshadowing,
Within himself, a destiny profound,
That stamped him king !

*JUNIA'S GRAVE.*

How glad all Nature seems this summer morn,
As if it laughed to think that June is born !

Here may the fairies, veiled to human sight,
Unfold their wings, and revel in delight.
And here the wild winds whisper, soft and low,
Where creamy roses first begin to blow.

Here tender grasses wave, and daisies bloom,
Where honey-suckles shed their soft perfume ;
And here a Poet, weary of the throng,
Might gather inspiration for his song ;
And here, oh, here ! a spirit pure and high,
Once found a fitting spot to live — and die !

MY LILY.

My queen of blossoms, all aglow,
White-shining in the sun,
My dainty lily! pure as snow,
In matchless sweetness won,
How have I waited year by year,
Before one verdant sheath
Uprising, gave the signal clear,
Of bud and bloom beneath.

But when at last, in stately mood,
With more than sculptured grace,
This delicate white marvel stood,
Unfolding in its place,
Entranced, I saw the broad green leaves
Grow waxen in their sheen,
And stand there like protecting sheaves,
Or courtiers round a queen.

As some pure maiden lifts in prayer
Her white unsullied face,
While voiceless pleadings on the air
Rise heavenward through all space,


So golden-starred within its heart
 God's grace I saw outshine,
And hopes, love-crowned, their sweets impart
 For other souls than mine.

That bloom through wintry snows may reach,
 And joy may come of woe,
Oh, thus we read their mystic speech,
 When Easter lilies blow.
Hopeful and sweet, they rise and shine,
 Their fresh green leaves among,
Tokens and harbingers divine
 Of spring-time bloom and song.

O, thou ! uncheered along thy way,
 Sad spirit, tempest-tost,
After the winter cometh May,
 And blossom after frost.
Though clouds should drift thy life above,
 God's sun shines as erewhile,
And lilies, golden-starred with love,
 Along thy path may smile.

A KEY TO THE GATE.

WISDOM is gold! How much hast thou in store?
For men will count thee by the wealth thou hast,
True men who know true gold! All else is cast
As worthless dross aside forevermore.
How much hast thou in hand, O pilgrim soul,
For thy long journey toward the heavenly goal?
The God who lent thee life will estimate
Thy wealth by what it gains, not what He gave,
And by its uses, whether light or grave;
For who hath wisdom, hath a high estate,
And holds the key unlocking Heaven's gate.
What matters it, though man distinguish not
The great insignia? When hath God forgot?



WITH SMILES RETURNS.

YON funeral train which bore its dead apart,
Returns with less of sorrow in its tread;
And thus, alas! some torn and bleeding heart,
Fearful the world may read how joy hath fled,
Turns back in smiles from burying its dead!

DROOPING VISIONS.

THE heavens have glory for uplifted eyes,
But drooping visions never see the stars.
Take thou the lesson, thou made sorrow-wise,
And bid thy soul ope wide its prison bars.

Seek light within ; where duty bids thee go,
Go thou, with steps unfaltering and firm ;
If but one ray of sunshine lends its glow,
That ray shall wake to life some sleeping germ.

What though the Past shows only ruins nigh !
A cheerful courage may rebuild again
A nobler temple, facing toward the sky,
Above whose columns storms shall rage in vain.

Fold not thy hands, and in the shadow sit ;
Gird on thy faith, and in its might arise !
Hath God in vain this lamp of being lit ?
Give answer thou, with soul made sorrow-wise !

One great resolve — one struggle for the true,
One generous purpose blooming in the breast —
A heart to know — a hand to dare and do,
Be these thine own, and leave to heaven the rest !

TO AND FRO.

SPRING her flowery mantle weaves,
Soft rains patter on the eaves,
Birds are flitting through the leaves,
 To and fro,
Making music as they go.

Children! laugh your way along,
Pluck the blooms that round you throng,
Mock the robins with your song,
 To and fro,
Bearing sunshine as you go!

By-and-by your weary feet
Will not move so glad and fleet,
Nor the roses bloom as sweet;
 To and fro,
You will falter as you go.

Golden hopes, and leaden fears,
April smiles, and autumn tears,
Brighten — darken all the years.
 To and fro,
Sweet hopes come, and sweet hopes go.

But if griefs the soul refine,
So pure love may inward shine,
We can hold the Prophet's sign ;
 'To and fro,
Seeing angels come and go.

*WOO ME WITH SONG.*

Woo me with song ! Let music pour
Her richest anthems out,
Until my soul, refreshed, will soar
Above the mists of doubt.
For while along its deeps shall swell
Thy love's melodious plea,
The song may weave its tender spell,
And draw my heart to thee.

No soul can wholly be unfair,
That music chords may sway ;
So much of heaven is mingled there,
It falls like cleansing spray.
Song hath close fellowship with love,
And holds its realm complete,
As larks, in soaring high above,
Will only sing more sweet.

RECOGNITION.

ONE more of the beautiful souls
Who walk God's perfect way,
One of his chosen-few patrols,
Hath crossed my path today.

Speech had we none — hand met not hand,
But through the eyes there shone
A light as from the better land,
This soul had looked upon.

Only the eyes — the soul-full eyes,
Revealed this blessed truth ;
The face had other mysteries,
Mournful to read in sooth !

Furrows were there, of grief and pain,
And struggles on the way ;
Scars of battle, where hopes were slain,
And idols turned to clay.

Great passions curbed with patient skill ;
A will no more at strife,
But blending sweetly with His will,
To work out higher life.

I ask not by what path he came,
Nor question his behest ;
The soul that lent its living flame
To those pure eyes, is blest.



SONNET.

A GRAND OUTGROWTH.

THROUGH deepest grief, may Love be manifest !
For, when the trial and the conflict come,
And twin-born Joy and Hope are standing dumb,
If we, within the temple of each breast,
Shrine faith in God, as knowing what is best,
The griefs we bear will hold no martyrdom ;
For we rise up to entertain His guest,
With calm repose, Love's grand outgrowth therefrom.
And His chastisements cannot fall in vain,
Since grief itself, like an unmeasured chain,
Whose end we see not, as clouds intercept,
Linked to our hearts, may draw them nearer Heaven,
As toward the shore where Love despairing wept,
Some helmless barque by storms is haply driven.

BRAVE HEARTS AT HOME.

WITH hearts of steel, when conflict rages,
Our valiant warriors meet the foes,
And here, where blinded Error wages
Its selfish war on our repose,
We need brave hearts at home, God knows !
While through these clouds of tribulation,
The sun of liberty shall rise,
And choral anthems greet the skies,
Where now breathe prayers of supplication.
Arise ! arise ! brave men,
Crowned with prophetic might,—
Stand forth ! stand forth ! ye giant minds,
To battle for the Right.
With star-lit banners, heavenward glancing,
And truth borne on each patriot shield,
The Armies of the Mind advancing,
Like monarch forces to the field,
Triumphantly their power shall wield.
And slaves of error, upward springing
In Freedom's light, shall face the sky,
With shouts of sacred victory
And broken chains about them ringing.
Arise ! arise ! brave men,
Called by the living Lord,—
Stand forth ! stand forth ! who fights for HIM,
Shall bear a victor's sword.

WHO KNOWS?

—"I wear a rose in my hair
Because I feel like a weed.
Who knows that the rose is thorny,
And makes my temples bleed?" — *Old Song.*

WHO knows of this inward life of ours?
Of the pangs with which each joy is born?
Who dreams of poison among the flowers,
Or sees the wound from the hidden thorn,
O'er which we smile when most forlorn?

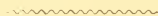
Who knows that the change from grave to gay
Was wrought by the deadly pain we bore,
As we lay the hopes of years away,
Like withered roses, to bloom no more
Upon life's desolated shore?

Who knows, as we tread these careless ways,
That we think of our sainted dead the while;
That the heart grows sick, in summer days,
For a blessed mother's tender smile,
That held no taint of worldly guile?

Who knows of the tremulous chords of love,
To the lightest touch that vibrate still,
As under her wing the stricken dove
Unmurmuring folds — although it kill —
The cruel mark of the archer's skill?

Who knows when our frail barques are driven
Storm-tost where blackest seas uproll?
Who knows? O pitying God of heaven,
Forever near each suffering soul,
Thy love hath never failed control!

Who hears the ravens when they call?
Who brings the tender lilies forth?
Who holds the sparrows when they fall?
Faint souls! We shame our royal birth!
Who rules in Heaven, hath rule on earth.



FRAILITY.

HE who, with oaths, his Master thrice denied,
Learned his own frailty, and was purified!
So he who errs, and yet repents his sin,
Hath greater power all erring hearts to win.
Who longest, and who farthest, went astray,
Can better point the perils of the way.

THE PHAROS HEAVENWARD LIT.

Ask not the Spring with budding leaves to stay,
Nor regal Summer to assert her sway.
Where then where Autumn's fruits, with rich behest?
Where Spring's new promise, born of wintry rest?

Though summer joys are dropping leaf by leaf,
Why sit amid decay and nurse our grief?
If there are lessons learned — truths held in store,
The fruits of summer growth — why ask for more?

He grieves in vain whose grief o'ermasters him,
And leads him downward through the valleys dim,
And through the shadows, veiling from his sight
The mountain summits, with their crowns of light.

Affliction loses its refining power,
If like a foe we meet it hour by hour;
But if, submissive to its touch, we bend,
Treasures of gold its sovereign hand shall lend.

Emerging from the shadows where we sit,
How clearly shines the Pharos heaven-ward lit;
Revealing grief, our silent guest erewhile,
As God's own angel, with a hidden smile!

Then sordid cares shrink back at our reproof,
And selfish passions die beneath our roof ;
Then virtues rise, majestic in their might,
Like waking giants, fresh from out the night.

Within our spirits, darkness only reigns
To re-enthroned the vision as it wanes ;
So when the chariots of the morn draw nigh,
We may behold them with unclouded eye.

Then ask not Spring with budding hopes to stay,
Nor regal Summer to assert her sway ;
Are there not harvests ripe, and fruits of peace,
And joy, and love, to yield their rich increase ?

What gains the cynic by the force he braves ?
Flowers bloom the fairer planted upon graves :
And in our spirits, gems of richest bloom
May heavenward rise in fragrance from the gloom.



SONG.

SOFT WHISPERS.

SOFT whispers in the twilight rise
Like music heard at eve,
And glances soft, from lustrous eyes,
Their magic splendor weave.
For sweet and fair, oh, sweet and fair,
Blooms every realm below,
When young love with its tender care
Sets all the world aglow.

Aye, sweet and fair youth's sunny dream,
With blue skies overhead,
And soft clouds painted like a dream,
With sunset's golden red.
For all things seem to smile anew,
When Spring with dainty hand
Scatters her blossoms, wet with dew,
Along the waiting land.



NOBILITY.

A SOVEREIGN may confer degree,
Or high-birth rank nobility.
But nobler they, for theme or song,
Who leap all barriers of wrong,
And make their lives so pure and sweet,
That other lives grow more complete.

TAKE BACK THY GIFT.

LEMON GERANIUM — UNBROKEN TRANQUILITY.

NAY, ask it not ! That loving wish recall,
That would surround me with unclouded light,
For who shall dare the blessing to forestall
That beckons onward through life's troubled night,
Yet is fulfilled alone in that great hour
When souls put on their robes of saintly white ;
Take back thy flower.
A life so fashioned by thy wish would drift
To nothingness ! Take back thy gift !

Sorrow hath been an angel at my side,
To call to life each nobler germ that slept,
Until in her sad presence purified,
With all the chambers of my spirit swept,
Toward highest Heaven mine eyes I dare to lift,
Made clear by all these tears that I have wept ;
Take back thy gift.
A life unshaken by a storm, or shower,
What force hath it ? Take back thy flower !

I may no more in utter weakness shrink

To write my name to Sorrow's mournful creed ;
Thou knowest all, O God ! and lo, I drink
The bitter with the sweet,— my direst need
But brings THEE nearer, mighty Source of Power !
“When I am weak, then am I strong,” indeed ;

Take back thy flower.

The forest trees most marred by seam and rift,
Strike deepest roots ! Take back thy gift !

The rose when crushed gives incense to the air ;

Frail lily-blooms bend meekly to the blast ;
Sweet monitors ! like thee, my soul shall dare
Live out the life God gave it, till at last,
With faith made perfect, it may haply lift
Its meet thanksgiving for the conflicts past ;

Take back thy gift.

And pray, instead, that every active power
Have its best use. Take back thy flower !

COMING! ARE YOU COMING?

TEMPERANCE SONG.

COMING! coming! are you coming,
Are you coming, friends, with me?
We have need to work together,
In this struggle to be free.
Strongest men have failed and fallen,
Weakest ones have conquered, too;
Come and join our growing forces,
Help us fight the battle through.

Coming! coming! are you coming,
Are you coming, friends, with me?
Out of danger, out of peril,
We will gladly help you flee.
Make but trial of your manhood,
If you fall, rise up anew!
Here are hands to help and strengthen,
And the world has need of you.

Coming! coming! are you coming,
Are you coming, friends, with me?
Seeing you, some fallen brother
May take heart to turn and flee.
Sweethearts, sisters, wives and mothers,
Help us with your hearts so true!
Lift the falling, save the erring,
Love can all the world subdue.

IN SOLEMN TRUST.

WITH martial notes, and roll of drums,
Sounds once to them so dear,
With waving flags, and boom of guns,
And reverent steps draw near !
Strew flowers above the Patriot dead,
Who for our nation's life
The richest blood of manhood shed,
And fell in honored strife.
Their graves are ours, in solemn trust ;
Then strew with flowers
The sacred dust.

Let Arlington smile sweet with bloom !
Let Gettysburg grow fair !
From every lonely grave, perfume
Rise upward like a prayer !
While living men, and soldiers true,
Hold firm the trust they gave,
And do the work still left to do,
With honest hearts and brave.
These graves are ours in solemn trust ;
Then strew with flowers
The sacred dust.

O Union Flag ! with stars enwrought,
Float softly o'er them now,
Their latest battle, bravely fought,
Won crowns for every brow.
They are not lost within the grave,
Their lives stand out sublime,
In noble records good and brave,
For all the coming time.
Their graves are ours, in solemn trust ;
Then strew with flowers
The sacred dust.

Our Country ! by their blood set free,
Complete their work begun !
Hold fast this dear-bought liberty,
And guard the rights they won ;
For every tribute that we bring,
Though steeped in tears like rain,
Were an unmeaning offering,
If these have died in vain.
Their graves are ours, in solemn trust ;
Then strew with flowers
The sacred dust.

COMING HOME.

FAIR are the lilies, snowy white,
That bloom afresh at Easter-tide,
And robins in the sunshine bright,
That sing a welcome to our bride.
Our bride — the gem most precious yet,
In Spring's new jewelled coronet.

Fall soft, O gentle April showers !
Glad sun, breathe warm on springing grass !
Bloom out, O tender-hearted flowers,
And yield your odors as they pass.

Love ! lead them o'er that threshold fair,
Abide within, O white-browed Peace,
That joy may fold her pinions there,
And faith and hope have rich increase.
Then shall these hearts, a long life through,
Sweet auguries of Spring renew.

Coming in the sunshine,
Circling heaven's blue dome,
Coming with the robins,
Coming ! coming home !

FRYEBURG.

FAIR village ! holding firm thy place
Among all unforgotten things,
Like ancient Patriarchs, proud of race,
My heart Love's claim of tenure brings.
The soil my infant footsteps pressed
I long to tread, as far I roam,
And with all tender thoughts invest
My birthplace and ancestral home.

Full oft, by quiet memories drawn,
I see again the village spires,
The cottage, and familiar lawn,
The maples lit by sunset fires,
And, pausing, catch some answering tone
From out the summers long ago,
By soft winds through green woodlands blown,
Where sweet birds sang in branches low.

I stand on yonder bridge again,
With old Pine Hill uprising near,
And broad rich intervalles of grain
On either hand, in sunlight clear.
While here old Saco throbs and thrills,
And rolls its waters to the sea,
From where far crowns of snowy hills
Shine down in regal majesty.

Here lie green meadows, and the brook
That ever challenged fresh delight,
And yonder steeps, whose broad outlook
Saw apple-orchards blooming white.
And here the grand old elms I trace,
Where men of noble origin
And embryo statesmen of the race,
Walked forth with ladies fair of kin.

And one ! ah ! better than all Fame,
Her life of unassuming worth ;
With reverence, I write her name,
The name she gave me at my birth.
And so, fair Fryeburg ! hast thou place
Among all unforgotten things,
Like ancient Patriarchs, proud of place,
My heart Love's claim of tenure brings.

Peace be to thee ! The hearts of old
That thrilled within each manly breast,
The mothers rich in Love's pure gold,
Their rank on our young minds impressed.
So should our lives clear records give,
That we with every passing hour,
May learn more truly how to live,
And hold our noble birthright dower.

GOING TO CHURCH.

THE Sabbath hush was on the earth,
The skies divinely fair,
With white clouds drifting to and fro,
Like spirits in the air.

Wild roses bloomed in field and hedge,
Red clovers kissed our feet,
While birds enraptured pierced the morn
With anthems strangely sweet.

As we that fragrant pathway went,
Half-worn along the sod,
All living things seemed worshippers,
And drawing near to God.

Through waving green, the white church spire
Rose, pointing to the skies,
And three bright arrows tipped with fire
Shone mutely on our eyes.

While softly through the Sabbath calm,
The organ tones drift low,
And reverent prayer, and murmured psalm,
In dreamy echoes flow.

A Sabbath morning fresh from God !
We whispered each to each,
While glance to glance sweet thoughts revealed,
In silence more than speech.

I think we prayed full better then,
Than when we reached the aisle,
For lovers parted side from side
Learn less of heaven the while.

Again I tread the fragrant path,
Half-worn along the sod,
Again I see the worshippers
Throng toward the house of God.

The roses bloom, the wild birds sing,
The morning shines out brave !
But on my heart a shadow lies,
The shadow of a grave !

Again the organ tones drift low,
Again the hymn and prayer ;
But nevermore, the tender smile
That made my life so fair !

HYMN.

“IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE.” *Psalm 50: 15.*

CALL upon me, saith the Lord!
In the day of trouble call!
When fierce tempests are abroad,
When loud thunder-tones appal.
Then will I deliver thee,
Walking closely by thy side,
Calming Life's most troubled sea,
Holding back its angry tide.

Lord! we hear thee and obey!
We are weak, but Thou art strong.
Shine Thou star-like on our way,
Safely guiding us along.
Never, Lord! wilt thou forsake
Any soul that trusts in Thee;
Every fetter come and break,
Set these sin-sick spirits free!

Upward lift we pleading hands,
For thy blessing, hour by hour;
On each soul that, waiting, stands,
Let thy love descend with power.
Trusting Thee, our hope revives,
For we lean upon Thy Word,
In our hearts, and in our lives,
Glorifying thee our Lord.

THE PHANTOM CROSS.

OUR footsteps made a cross today
Along the chiselled stone,
And each went silent on his way
Persistently alone.
But there it lies, the Phantom Cross,
Invisible as air,
The stamp and signet of a loss
That ever calls for prayer.

Another cross rose up beside,
Which, through the vanished years,
Amid the wrecks of storm and tide,
Had sunk too deep for tears.
And on my path its shadow lay
Unvanquished evermore,
With outstretched arms, to point the way
Our paths diverged before.

Twin-crosses, merged this hour in one,
And, spite of all regret,
Imprinted on the cold, white stone,
Where we as strangers met.
Had one familiar accent breathed
Amid the sunlight warm,
What living blossoms had enwreathed
That image cruciform !

But there it lies — the Phantom Cross,
Invisible as air,
The stamp and signet of a loss
That ever calls for prayer.
And when amidst its hopes deferred
My soul takes note of loss,
It counts, instead of one kind word,
Pale silence and — a cross !

*BUD AND BLOSSOM.*

THE lips I bent to kiss,
Are mine to kiss no more ;
For one sweet bud of promised bliss
Which from the heart of June I miss,
Blooms on the other shore.

I wait to clasp him there !
And oh ! how blest the hour,
When, past the gates, the blossom rare
Which took all sweetness from the air,
I see in perfect flower,

IN THE ELM TREE.

HALF hidden in the drooping elm
Where feathery buds are swelling,
A robin holds its fairy realm,
In song its raptures telling.
That song! it brings our childhood near,
Rich with exultant gladness,
When morning skies, o'er-arching clear,
Held not a cloud of sadness.

That song! The fields grow green again
Where sunbeams gleam and quiver,
We hear the falling of soft rain
Along Presumpscot river.
The robins sing beside the brook
Where buttercups lean over,
Blue violets hide in every nook,
And bees hum through the clover.

Here trod we oft in laughing mood,
No future ills divining,
And here young Helen's white feet stood
Amid the ripples shining.

The brook smiles still — the brook so gay,
Where buttercups lean over,
But tired feet linger on the way,
Though set amid the clover.

For disappointments come with years,
And bitter pains and losses;
Our laughter hath a sound of tears,
Our wayside marks are crosses!
Yet with that song we hear the showers
Along Presumpscot River,
And see the broad fields, rich with flowers,
Where sunbeams gleam and quiver.

But Helen ! ah, no more her feet
Amid earth's sands are gleaming,
New-crowned she walks the golden streets,
Grown fair beyond our dreaming.
Thus, borne upon a burst of song,
Half sad and half caressing,
Sweet memories toward the spirit throng,
And crown us like a blessing.

BARCAROLLE.

AWAY! away! The snowy spray
Beside our boat is glancing;
She knows her home is on the foam,
Where wave with wave is dancing.
Bird-like and free, she skims the sea,
As if in native ether,
While bright and blue, as sapphire hue,
The wild waves heave beneath her.

Away! away! our hearts are gay
As if earth knew no sorrow,
And we will laugh though we may quaff
The cup of grief to-morrow.
And our light song shall peal along
Above the rolling azure,
While every gale that swells our sail
Shall echo back its measure.

Away! away! though lightnings play,
And solemn thunders rattle,
We stem the wave, with hearts as brave
As soldiers in the battle.
And though dark clouds may fold their shrouds
Around the far off azure,
With smile and song we glide along,
As if to music-measure.

A PASSING SMILE.

I WANDERED forth one eve,
To cheat my spirit of its long unrest,
Where nature spoke in tones divinely blest,
To calm the hearts that grieve.

Faith, driven from her throne,
Lay prone amid the woes that compassed her,
Yet from the door of my soul's sepulchre
No angel rolled the stone.

The sun sank slowly down,
But while I paused in tearful silence there,
A glance met mine ; a maiden young and fair
Came through the woodlands brown.

Upon her brow so white,
That mirrored clear all loveliness of soul,
I read pure thoughts, as written on a scroll,
In characters of light.

A gentle confidence,
As if her youth was all unread in guile,
Looked from her eyes, and on her lips a smile
Found warm, sweet utterance.

My crowd of griefs drew back,
Chidden to silence by that bright young face,
Revealing clear the spirit's inward grace,
As sunshine marks its track.

The founts of thought within
That, darkling, smote the sense as memory woke,
Rose bathed in light ; and lo ! the morning broke
Where night before had been.

I question not the cause ;
I only know a glance may outweigh speech,
Our human moods to sway, and subtly teach
The spirit's holier laws.

She came, she smiled, she went,
Across my path one lingering ray was shed,
And hope revived, while love interpreted
Sorrow's divine intent.



OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

SHINE forth, May sun, with richest beams !

Refresh the earth, O gentle showers !

Come warm, O south wind, as in dreams,

For we have need of many flowers.

Yes, we have need of many flowers,

For they are many who have died,

And over all this land of ours

Their graves are scattered far and wide.

Float soft, O white clouds, overhead,

Veil not the sunshine for an hour,

Lest in the shade some bloom lie dead,

Or blight o'ertake some precious flower.

O sun, and wind, and dew, and rain,

Sweet ministers of youth and bloom,

Above the waiting land again,

The power you richly hold, assume !

For it may be that they will know

We lay these garlands on the grave,

And bless their memory, as we go

Safe to the homes they died to save.

Shine forth, May sun, with richest beams !

Refresh the earth, O gentle showers !

Breathe warm, O south wind, as in dreams,

For we have need of many flowers.

WORSHIP.

OF perfect homage, what the seal and sign?

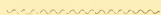
Shall this suffice? the bending of the knee?
The gift of incense at the church or shrine?

The long thanksgiving, uttered graciously,
As in high court men lift their studied plea,
With gestures polished, and in accents fine?
Shall lifted hands and reverential tone
Gain audience of the King upon His throne?

Ah, thou unwise! He asketh not of thee
A glittering semblance, if the gold be dim;
If truth be wanting in thy ministry,
Or, in thy purpose, steadfast constancy,
Idle all homage, vain the suppliant hymn,
Though keyed like music rung by seraphim!
Fruitless all rites, all sacrifices naught,
Unless with love and truth divinely wrought.

But His high favor if thou wouldst assure,
First soothe the sorrowing, by his griefs o'errun,
The struggling soul from erring paths allure,
Clean hands uplift, and lo! thy God is won,
And heaven that hour within thyself begun,
All loving deeds, like incense rising pure.
How tenderly He bends to hear thee say,
"Father, forgive! I trust Thee and obey."

What joys along thy silent path distill
As He accepts these offerings at thy hand,
Confirms thy faith, sustains thy wavering will,
Blends richest love with every wise command,
And bids thee hope, and wait, and understand,
And trust Him even when the night grows chill.
True worship this — by deeds of love forerun,
As humble countervails to blessings won.



MORNING DEWS AND SUNSET GLOWS.

· THOU, with thine eyes of light,
Thy lips of song — thy locks of sunny hue,
Keep thou thy spirit crystal-pure, and bright,
And every thought-bud sweet as morning dew,
By sunlight filtered through.

Thou o'er whose faded brow
The white hairs congregate like winter snows,
Thy prayers our Father cannot disallow,
He gives to age its glory and repose —
Its tender sunset glows.

RUBY AND RUSSET.

RED maples ! fling your banners out,
And signalize the stars,
Which on their ministries devout
Ride forth in silver cars !
But softly shed your crimson leaves
Where walks our fair young bride,
Who now her life of life inweaves
With his who stands beside.
Spread your soft carpet for her feet
Ruby and amber rare,
For life is love, and love is sweet,
And earth is passing fair.

Old elm ! your leaves of russet brown
Drop soft on yonder grave,
For there we lay our soldier down,
Faithful, and true. and brave.
And there ! oh, there ! a young heart broke
One perfect summer day,
When nature into beauty woke,
And all the world was gay.
Your fading leaves of russet brown
Drop softly as a breath,
For Joy no more her life may crown,
Since she has talked with Death !

CITY OF MY LOVE.

THE heavens unfold to Casco's lifted wave
Their richest gems of amethyst and gold,
Where, blazoned like some grand old architrave,
The broad horizon bounds its realms untold.

O sunny bay ! upon thy sheltered breast,
Whose deeps unknown are throbbing evermore,
Swift sails are borne like white-winged birds, to test
Yon broad Atlantic-tides, from shore to shore.

O'erarched with glory from resplendent skies,
Bramhall and Munjoy, as twin-sentinels,
May overlook our growing enterprise
From east to west, and hear our sweet-toned bells.

One sunny slope is fresh with mountain air ;
And one lies broad to islands manifold,
Where Nature hangs her summer pictures rare,
Framed round in sunshine, as with burnished gold.

But Deering woods, of which Our Poet sung,
Hath cultured lawns, and broad green avenues,
Where, summer eves, glad music-echoes rung,
And fountains played and scattered mists like dews.

O City of our love ! Like some fair queen
Whose kingdom hath a beauty all its own,
Blue skies, blue waves, together meet serene
As canopy and footstool, for thy throne.

Love we thy name — thy grand old elms — thy soil—
Thy loyal people as a part of thee,
Whether we meet in common ways of toil,
Or where proud intellects hold high degree.

And in thy homes, fair City of our love,
Some dear hearts give us of their warmth and light,
And gentle words we gather, as the dove
Brought Hope's leaf-message in her homeward flight.

Fair be thy skies, Star City of the East !
With honors crowned, as with fine jewels set,
Thy loveliness undimmed, thy strength increased,
Look upward thou to heights unmeasured yet.



ANGELS BROKE THE SEAL.

EASTER HYMN.

ANGELS clothed in shining raiment
Broke the seal and pierced the tomb,
While their faces, like the lightning,
All the shuddering depths illumine.
Roman soldiers fly affrighted,
As the tidings they reveal,
Christ is risen, — say the angels
Sent of God to break the seal.

Lo! we thank Him for their mission,
As we toward His temples throng,
Bringing forth Spring's fairest blossoms,
Lifting high our noblest song.
Living, loving, tender Savior,
While thy sacrifice we feel,
From these hearts in guilt that languish
Bid thine angels break the seal.

Roll away the stone forever
From all hearts that lie in gloom,
Bid the blessed light of heaven
Angel-like their depths illumine.
So shall we, redeemed and risen,
In our Father's presence kneel,
Blessing Him whose white-robed angels
Broke for us the earthly seal.

AUTUMN'S PARAPHRASE.

GOLD and crimson, blazoned high,
Write their symbols on the sky ;
Nature, smiling, answers back,
From the river's glowing track,
From the kindling mountain-tops,
Brilliant woods, and flaming copse.

Here October regal dwells,
Weaving her majestic spells,
Writing Autumn's paraphrase
In illumined notes of praise.

What emotions hallowed rise,
As we look on earth and skies !
Listful to their spheric chime,
Upward, on swift thoughts, we climb,
Breathing aspirations high
Only Heaven can satisfy.

Answers to unspoken prayer,
Thrilling through the silence rare,
Win, with every impulse true,
Purer worship to renew.

Is the pathway half untrod,
Leading near to Thee, our God?
Lo! by Nature's voice reproved,
Upward is our being moved;
On our souls, at her pure call,
The baptismal waters fall.

Clouds and mountains, woods and streams,
Fairer are ye than our dreams!
Grand old symbols, rich with power,
Heavenward drawing us each hour!



LOVE'S COMPLETENESS.

Nor the low, mysterious murmur
 Ringing through the forest-deeps,
Nor the footsteps of the summer,
 Making green the mountain steeps,
Nor the sound of childhood's laughter,
 Nor the Poet's silver tone,
With the plaudits ringing after,
 From the palace or the throne,
Hold for us the tender sweetness,
Of one chord in Love's completeness.

BRING CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BRING Christmas gifts ! Bring Christmas gifts !

Rich blessings to confer,
As wise men brought, that first Christ-morn,
Frankincense, gold and myrrh.
When in the royal ways of Love,
Our footsteps are enticed,
Her guiding star, like that of old,
Will lead us near to Christ.

Then bring your gifts,
And join the song,
That angel hosts
In heaven prolong.

“Glory to God !” “Good will to men !”

So let our anthems ring
In one grand chorus up to heaven,
As we our tributes bring.
And let us keep, for Christ’s dear sake,
The star of love undim,
That every deed of ours may prove
Our fellowship with him.

Then bring your gifts,
Or rare or few,
But all afresh
With Love’s own dew !

Some may have passed all grief beyond,
 Into a brighter sphere,
Who, last year, shared our offerings,
 Our loves and yearnings here.
The strains the Syrian shepherds heard
 They may be chanting there,
So give to them a living thought
 Of tenderness and prayer.
 But still bring gifts,
 Dear Christmas gifts,
Wherever love
 Its shrine uplifts.

Wise men were they who in their time
 Such fair example set !
For us to follow, from the hour
 When hosts angelic met.
Frankincense, gold, and myrrh may fail
 To bless us with their store,
But we can bear some tribute sweet
 Affection prizes more.
 Joy they receive
 Who joy impart ;
'Then bring your gifts,
 O loving heart !

“RING IN THE NEW YEAR.”

RING in the New Year! Ring out the olden!

Bound by its memories close to the heart;
Hopes that were precious, and promises golden,
Have we not, one by one, seen them depart?

What are the changes, my brother, my sister?

What are the changes the old year has wrought?
Dost thou look back through its shadowy vista,
Saddened or gladdened by all it has taught?

Dost thou look back with a smile, or a murmur?

Dost thou look forward in tears, or in hope,
Measuring life by the sweetness of summer,
Or by the winter that darkens its slope?

Roses that bloomed through the June have departed,

Birds that came singing have silently flown —
Farewells been spoken among the true-hearted,
Grass o'er the graves in the churchyard has grown.

Forests, late robed in their garments of splendor,

Blue skies, that bent over earth with a smile,
Silently now, in a mournful surrender,
Put off the sweetness that charmed us erewhile.

This is external. But what of the spirit?
Hath it a record immortal and grand,
Worthy the life, which from God we inherit —
Answering, child-like, the Father's demand?

The past lieth dead — and vain is our sorrow,
Save that our tears make the vision more clear
To see the far heaven; but what of the morrow?
What of the path we shall choose for the year?

Father! look down on each holy endeavor,
Strengthen the footsteps that falter below;
Tears bring their changes, but THOU changest never!
This is enough for thy children to know.

Ring in the New Year! The heart of the Nation
Leaps to the chimes that peal forth on the air!
Freedom and Right, in their grand consecration,
Made the land vocal with anthem and prayer.



ELEMENTS OF POWER.

OUR kinsmen of the long ago,
Were tossed like us on stormy seas ;
They watched the deadly conflict grow,
Prayed, fought and won proud victories.
This same old earth their brave feet trod,
These same pure stars above them shone,
Our fathers' faith, our fathers' God,
Through all the years have been our own.

Descended from these lords of earth
Our lives the royal stamp should wear,
While clear insignias of our birth
Up to the Lord of heaven we bear.
So shall these sainted souls of yore,
Who trod our soil with bleeding feet,
Around the throne their anthems pour
As we their great reward complete.

The soul of goodness never dies ;
Those honored women and brave men,
Who made such noble sacrifice,
Still live in all true lives again.

Their empire of the ancient time
Shall hold through generations hence,
While passing years, in grand old chime,
Ring in a new intelligence.

We lack no element of power ;
One mission has the guiding star,
And one the lowly-blooming flower,
And both God's chosen vassals are.
If one but rightly fills his place,
However small that sphere may be,
No seraph at the throne of grace
Hath surer claim of heaven in fee.

Friends ! Kinsmen ! of a worthy race,
Oh, let us proudly fix our eyes
Where honor holds her court of grace,
Through noble deeds, and high emprise.
For he alone is truly great
Whose virtue goes before his fame,
Whose soul stands ever robed in state,
To make illustrious his name.

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